

# FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

VOL. I.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1898.

No. 17

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF ALASKA.

FOLLOWING IS THE OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR THE DISTRICT OF ALASKA.

Governor—John G. Brady; private secretary, Mrs. Gertrude Knapp. U. S. Judge—C. B. Johnson. U. S. Attorney—Burton E. Bennett. Assistant District Attorney—Alfred J. Daly. District Clerk—Albert D. Elliott. Deputy Clerk—Walton D. McNair. U. S. Marshal—J. M. Shoup. Surveyor General—W. L. Distin. Register—John W. Dudley. Receiver—Roswell Shelby. Court Interpreter—George Kstro-metinnoff.

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Deputy Internal Revenue Collector—W. C. Pedlar. Educational Agent—Cheldon Jackson. Assistant Agent—William Hamilton. Supt. of Schools—W. A. Kelly.

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Collector—J. W. Ivey. Special Deputy—W. P. McBride. Deputy and Inspector—Wm. Millmore and C. L. Andrews.

Deputy Collectors—Joseph Arment, Fort Wrangel; E. M. VanSlyke, Mary Island; W. G. Thomas, Kodiak; G. W. Cator, Cook's Inlet; T. E. Holmes, Kariuk; J. E. Sinnott, Unga; J. P. Word, Unalaska; E. T. Hatch, St. Michaels; Chas. Smith, Circle City; John C. Tenny, Juneau.

Inspectors at Juneau—Loring K. Adams, Harry Miano and John R. Auldin. Inspectors at Fort Wrangel, Edward Hofsted, S. L. Adams, Geo. J. Smith, E. L. Hunter, Wm. Deany.

Inspectors Afloat—J. S. Slater, S. F. Hodges, L. H. Lovejoy, Edgar Grim.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law

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### NOTICE.

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Read the News.

## THE STANCH MARIETTA.

Captain Symond's Splendid Little Ship Has a Record to be Proud Of.

TRAVELED OVER 12,000 MILES.

And at the End Was Ready to Fight. After Coaling. (Alaskan.)

When the Oregon reached Key West after her voyage of 13,000 miles from the Pacific coast naval men expressed wonder as she reported that she was ready to go into action as soon as she had taken on coal. The modern man of war is a machine so delicate and easily put out of order that this battleship's performance attracted wide attention, and it overshadowed almost completely the feat of her own comrade, the Marietta on the voyage around South America. Beside the splendid Oregon the Marietta, dumpy and ungainly, has been almost forgotten.

Early in the morning of June 4 the little vessel dropped anchor in Key West harbor. She had completed her voyage of 12,000 miles without accident, and in reply to a question as to how soon she would be ready to fight, her commander called from the bridge: "As soon as we get coal."

The New York Sun prints an account of the Marietta's long voyage, which will be of especial interest to Utica people by reason of the fact that her commander, Captain F. M. Symonds is well known to many of them. The Sun says: The gunboat was built at the Union Iron works in San Francisco, and went into commission on Sept. 1, 1897. She had a displacement of 1,000 tons and a speed of 13.03 knots. Her armament consists of six 4-inch rapid fire guns, four 6-pounders, two 1-pounders and a field gun. In appearance the vessel is short and fat, standing high out of water, with a tall slender stack rising well forward.

The Marietta started on her first cruise on October 26, when she sailed for Sitka, Alaska, where she lay until December 9. She returned to San Francisco under hurry orders, and on the way down the coast had an opportunity to prove herself a splendid sea boat. She encountered two hurricanes off Vancouver Island, in one of which she lay too for 48 hours, riding with a sea anchor out. During this time her greatest heel was 47 degrees.

The political disturbances in Central America in the early part of the present year necessitated the presence of an American warship there, and the Marietta was ordered from San Francisco on this duty on January 16. She was at San Jose, Guatemala, when she received orders to proceed with all haste to Panama on March 21, and received orders to start on the long voyage around the southern continent. On March 24 the little gunboat steamed away from Panama and six days later anchored in the harbor of Callao. Here Captain Symonds made arrangements for the coaling of the Oregon, so that when the battleship reached the Peruvian port a few days later loaded lighters were ready to run alongside of her. The navy department ordered the Marietta to hurry on to Valparaiso and take possession of two Chilean cruisers, for the purchase of which the government had nearly completed arrangements and within 36 hours the little vessel was on her way. She made a fine run, covering 1,558 miles in seven days, reached the Chilean port on April 7.

The officers of the Marietta had some apprehension of trouble in Valparaiso because of recent complications of the United States with Chili and the pro-Spanish sentiments of the people. They found a hostile feeling among the people, but the officials were studiously courteous. At some of the clubs remarks were made about "blowing the — Yankee up." Precautions were accordingly taken to prevent any crank from making such an attempt. Owing to her trouble with Argentine, Chili had a splendid squadron lying in the harbor at the time. The Marietta was surrounded by Chilean vessels. The harbor was constantly patrolled, and at night no boats were allowed to approach her.

"You shall not be hurt," said the Chilean commander to the men on the American gunboat. He kept his word.

Captain Symonds was here notified of the presence of the Spanish torpedo boat destroyer *Temerario* at Buenos Ayres. He was ordered to proceed to Sandy Point, sometimes called Punta Arenas, Chili, there to meet the Oregon, which had arrived off Callao three days before the gunboat made Valparaiso. Now for the first time the Marietta's men knew that they were bound for the scene of action in the coming war. On April 9 anchor was weighed once more, and the vessel continued down the coast. In a driving rain and snow storm the vessel approached the entrance of Tuesday bay, at the western end of the Straits of Magellan, at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of April 15.

"The mouth of the bay looked like a hole in the mountains," said an officer in describing this part of the voyage. "The entrance is very narrow and the bare rocks rise out of the sea to a height of 2,000 foot on either side. It seemed as if we were steaming into the infernal regions. That night we lay by a British steamship in that dismal place. The weather continued very thick until three o'clock the next afternoon, when it cleared for an hour, and at this time the officer of the deck, looking out through the hole in the mountains, spied the old Oregon. She was going under four bells. This was a grand sight to us." On the next morning at daylight the Marietta, despite the thick weather, started through the straits, hoping to overtake the battleship. At seven o'clock that evening, while forty miles to the westward of Sandy Point, the glow of a searchlight was seen in the clouds. The gunboat's officers knew that the Oregon was signaling to them, but they could not answer as they had not a searchlight of sufficient power to make signals discernible forty miles away, the distance between the two vessels. The gunboat pushed on harder, and at 11 o'clock reached Sandy Point, where she found the battleship at anchor. The Oregon had had clear weather during the passage of the straits, but had raced ahead of a bank of clouds in the center of which the gunboat was groping her way.

Both warships lay at Sandy Point coaling for four days, and on the morning of April 21 started for Rio. The Marietta made a fine run to the Brazilian port, covering the distance of 2,206 miles in nine days. Heavy head seas interfered with her speed, but notwithstanding this she developed 800 horse power while her contract called for only 800. She kept up a ten knot gait right along and pitched from 8 to 12 degrees. On the morning of April 30 the Oregon ran ahead of her companion, and when the gunboat steamed into Rio harbor that night at nine o'clock she found the battleship there, and received from her a signal announcing that war had been declared on April 21. The news was received in silence. As one of the officers put it:

"It was too serious for cheers. We had long been expecting it, and when the news did come there was a kind of a hushed feeling over the ship."

The officials in Rio treated the men and officers with the greatest courtesy. Here was found the same condition as existed in all the South American ports. The people generally were inclined to regard the American sailor with hostility, while the government officials were profuse in their kindness.

Mr. Bryan, the American minister, boarded the Marietta one day and gave Captain Symonds a telegram announcing the victory at Manila. The crew were called aft and Lieutenant McCrackin, the executive officer, read the dispatch to them. Then bedlam broke loose and the sailors indulged in wild demonstrations of joy.

The commanders of the Marietta and Oregon were informed that the *Temerario* had left Buenos Ayres, and that Cervera's squadron had sailed from the Cape Verde islands, and an attempt might be made to intercept them off Cape San Roque. The warships sailed from Rio on the morning of May 4. They were held for a day, having to wait for the Buffalo which they were to convoy north. The former Brazilian cruiser joined them, but she was so slow and broke down so frequently that the battleship decided to steam ahead and leave her to the care of the gunboat. The Marietta was now alone with her charge, and the two put off to the northeast in order to avoid coast steamers which might give information to Spanish warships lurking about. After allowing the Oregon several days to get past Cape San Roque, the gunboat and her charge headed for Bahia, Brazil, arriving there on May 11. The Oregon had left this port only twenty hours before.

To the surprise of Captain Symonds, no news was received of the Spanish squadron. The navy department ordered him to convoy the Buffalo past Cape San Roque, and then let her make her way to the United States alone. Twenty four hours were passed in coaling and taking on water, and then the vessels put to sea.

The cape, 250 miles north of Bahia, was passed in safety, and the Para river was entered on May 21. The Marietta took coal from the Buffalo, and the next day started on alone, as the cruiser's boilers needed repairs, which required three days to complete. After passing Bahia the Marietta sighted the ship *Lord Cairnes* of London, sixty days out. The British skipper was informed that the United States and Spain were at war, and he at once called all his crew to the poop, and his men gave three rousing cheers for Uncle Sam. The Marietta jockies replied, and the vessels parted.

The gunboats voyage through the Providence channel and Bahama straits was made without incident until she struck the American coast just south of Cape Florida and fell in with the Yosemite and Armenia. The Marietta used the old signals. The signal code had been changed after her departure from San Jose, and she did not understand the reply of the Yosemite. Both ships cleared for action and headed for each other, and only 400 yards of water separated them when they recognized each other. On the next morning the Marietta dropped anchor in Key West harbor, having completed her voyage of 12,600 miles.

On the long voyage begun at San Jose on March 15, completed at Key West on June 4, the Marietta did not have to stop once for repairs, and her machinery was in perfect order on her arrival here. A coat of gray paint was all she needed to fit her for active service against Spain.

The gunboat is commanded by Commander F. M. Symonds, and her other officers are Lieutenant A. McCrackin, executive officer; Lieutenant W. B. Caperton, navigator; Lieutenant Hetherington, Ensigns Benham, Bassett and Raby; Passed Assistant Engineer W. H. Chambers, Assistant Paymaster E. W. Bonnaffon, Passed Assistant Surgeon George Rothganger.—Utica Morning Herald.

### The Gospel Mission.

The Fort Wrangel Gospel Mission Society was organized and incorporated May 30, 1898, for the purpose of carrying on religious work. First, this organization will build a hall. A plan adopted last spring to build a hall, with public reading room and bathing facilities has been abandoned, and instead of that a two-story building in front of the building now used to hold gospel meetings in, the lower floor to be connected with the old building, making a good sized hall, the upstairs to be used for living rooms, will be built. The lot which was purchased of Mrs. Thwing when the boom was at its highest pitch, and Mrs. Thwing could have sold it for a good figure, but she refused to take any offer and held it for the Gospel Mission, for the small sum of \$200, and which she now reduces to \$150, and having an offer from an equally liberal hearted Christian man in Juneau for this lot, Mrs. Thwing and the Dr. making up the other \$50 and deeding over the property to the Gospel Mission Society, leaves us free to go on with the building to which we invite all who are interested in the welfare of Fort Wrangel to help. Two lady missionaries of the Peniel Missionary Society, of Los Angeles, Cal., are expected soon after the building is completed, to take charge of the Mission. Peniel missionaries are wholly consecrated Christians whose lot is as described by the founders: "Hard work, frugal living, no salary and many precious souls."

Their work is principally among and for the unconverted, visiting the saloons and dives, with tracts and the Gospel News, and while that is their principal work, they leave the visiting of families not undone. Surely Fort Wrangel ought to be able to afford to put up a small building without any more help from the outside, for the use of carrying on meetings every night and other Christian work, if they can have the privilege of having among them two lady workers who come to spend their life, energy and all hope of future prospects on this earth, for the sole welfare of others, without salary or even the guarantee of support from

those who send them out, but simply trust Him whom they serve, even Jesus.

Their general rule is never to ask for any help except from God. The taking up of free will offerings in meetings is the only way they offer an opportunity for others to help them in their work and support. "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord." And any one who feels inclined to give unsolicited may send their offering to Mr. F. P. Loomis, treasurer of this society, who will return in a few days, or if more convenient, to Mrs. Clarence Thwing or A. Stark, and receive receipt. Those who have no money, remember that we need lumber, nails, windows, building paper, cloth and wall paper, and such will be received on the ground at the Gospel Mission. Come let us worship the Lord.

A. STARK, Chairman.

### A WOMAN SEES IT.

She Has the Password. Attends a Meeting of The Bachelor's Club.

At last I can say I have been there—gave the password and walked in like one of the members, saw the elephant and retired without being detected. How did I do it? I will tell you. You see, everybody goes to the meeting place masked and the sentinel does not know one from another and all I had to do was to get possession of the password and find out the time and place of meeting. The latter information I got by accident, the former by stratagem. Suffice it to say, however, that at the appointed time I was trudging along by the aid of a lantern toward one of the unoccupied houses in the upper end of town, where the meeting was to be held. On my arrival at the outer entrance I was accosted by a big burly man, masked as a ruffian, with two great pistols at his side and in his hand a long knife which he had just drawn from its sheath and held in a threatening manner above me. The lantern dropped out of my hand and I trembled with fright, but, realizing what detection at this juncture meant, I braced right up to him and whispered the password in his ear. He stood aside and I walked in or rather tumbled in, for I was frightened almost to death. On entering I found myself in a large room fixed up to represent a cave, with rocks for sides and great boulders hanging from the ceiling. In one end of the cave was a pool in which were several ill-shaped fishes. Of course I knew this was not real water, but some kind of thin cloth was stretched and the peculiar effect of the light falling on it made it look like water. I noticed in the pool a devil fish, a shark and an immense lobster. They seemed to have life and were moving around. I soon found out that they were members, masked as these monsters of the deep, for they came out of the pool and crawled around over the rocks. Two candidates were initiated. The burden of the initiatory ceremonies seemed to be to transform the candidates from creatures of earth to inhabitants of the sea. The bear as king of the forest with his lieutenants the cariboo and moose hand over the candidate to the seals, who conduct him to the whale, their king, in the depths of the ocean. He is made to wade out into the water until he reaches the depth of his eyes, when he is suddenly plunged underneath and held there until the shock has passed off when he is conducted on into deeper water. On his way to the deep sea caverns he is pinched by monster crabs, attacked by sharks and even falls into the deadly embrace of the octopus. He is protected by the seals, however, and at last reaches his destination, where he is created a fish of some kind. About this time I heard a rattle of glassware and some one near me made a remark that beer was thicker than water, so I concluded it might be a good time for me to skip. I had not started a moment too early for as I looked back masks were beginning to drop off and the ugly doorkeeper scowled at me as much as to say "what the deuce are you leaving for at this time?" It was given out that at the next meeting the denizens of the sea and the beasts of the forest were to meet at royal banquet. If I can drift on to the time and place of meeting I shall be there as I am in possession of the password. I know I am in danger of being detected but my curiosity, after what I have seen, is great and I am willing to take the risk.

The Cottage City tied up at the McKinnon wharf Monday morning. She had a large passenger list for the sound country.



## FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

McBRIDE & HENSHAW, Publishers.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA

Licking stamps helps to lick Spain.

When that volunteer shot Blanco low in the leg, he may have thought his heart was in his boots.

The "worst town on earth" has been discovered in Italy, in which 2 per cent. of the deaths are murders.

All's fair in love and war. If a ship's of the female gender why shouldn't a man of war have a stout armor round her waist?

That new Spanish explosive is called toxpyre, and about the only thing it can't shatter is general incredulity concerning it.

A fellow who shot off his thumb to escape going to war has turned up. The usual number continue to merely shoot off their mouths.

The Vesuvius acts like lightning in some ways. It didn't strike twice in the same spot; chiefly for the reason that the spot wasn't there.

The cable informs us that "Bjorne Bjornson, Bjornstjerne Bjornson's son, has been appointed director of a new theater at Christiania." Good by!

The first troops were landed in Cuba to band music which announced that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." That bandmaster evidently grasped the situation.

A Chicago woman has patented a hairbrush that carries with it a strong electric shock. Was it necessary thus to accentuate the terrors which this useful toilet article already possesses for the youthful evil doer?

An Oklahoma minister married twelve couples in sixty minutes the other day. Twelve knots an hour may not be able to hold a tallow dip to ocean greyhound speed, but it is pretty good time on the troubled matrimonial sea.

This is a talkative age, and we are a talkative people; but we get many reminders that quality outranks quantity. Ten men speak volubly in advocacy of a proposition; then one man, who knows more about the matter than all the ten, utters a few reasonable words in good temper, and carries the meeting with him. Fair-minded judges say, "The others had the weight of the discussion, but he had the weight of the argument." Moral: Be master of the subject, and you will be master of the audience.

"After-care" is a phrase which came into use at the last International Conference of Charities. It was used to express the need of following up with due attention a class of persons discharged as "cured" from the hospitals for the insane, but whose mental soundness is not firmly established, so that there is still danger of relapse. As a similar need exists in the case of many convalescents, reformed persons, discharged prisoners, religious converts and growing children, we are likely to find this phrase "after-care" very convenient as well as suggestive.

Nobody will wonder at the bitterness of Aguinaldo and his Philippine insurgents after reading the report made by Consul Williams regarding the Spanish methods of taxation in the Philippines. Secretary Gage, at President McKinley's request, has drawn up a tentative plan of taxation under American methods, and he calculates that under a just system the Philippines will pay an annual revenue of \$3,000,000. Place this side by side with the fact that Spain has wrung an annual revenue of \$20,000,000 from these islands, and there is no longer any cause to wonder at the fierceness of the present revolt. The wonder is, rather, that the natives did not rise up long ago en masse. The Spaniards have maintained one tax collector for every forty inhabitants. A poll tax of from \$3 to \$25 on every man, and from \$2.50 to \$14 on every woman, was assessed annually. Then everything inside and outside their huts was taxed. A man was taxed for permission to plant his crops, and he was taxed for the privilege of picking even the coconuts from the trees in his doorway.

Feminine fashion as an effective element in warfare is one of the unique issues that have come to the front in these history-making days. The women of Washington, it seems, have resolved themselves into a patriotic league for the purpose of inducing their fair fashionable friends all over the country not to buy French millinery. This bellicose boycott of the much-adored Parisian bonnet is intended as international retaliation, inasmuch as France assumed a friendly attitude toward Spain in the present unpleasantness. It will mean, say these self-sacrificing sisters, an annual loss of \$50,000,000 to French exporters. But they—the women—love

their country more than the coveted pieces of headgear, and so this odd undertaking of the fair patriots progresses with a long list of prestigious patronesses in the national capital. No matter how this return charge of the fair 400 may end, this is not the first time feminine headgear has played a part in history. Not only the big hat has been a vexation to the modern theater-goer and the inspirer of new municipal laws for its suppression, but as far back as 500 years ago it was a constant worry to the mandate-making sterner sex. One conspicuous instance is the royal decree of Louis XI, who excluded the monstrous hat of fair faddists from both church and court. Woman's headgear is, without doubt, a powerful piece of human ingenuity, and this neoteric movement, as an interesting demonstration of the relative influence of the bonnet and the bullet, may commend itself to the liberty-loving ladies of the land.

It is now about five years since Lord Rowton, who was once Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, undertook to demonstrate that judicious philanthropy "pays." He did it by opening Rowton House, a great hotel for the London homeless, in which a man can lodge at the cost of sixpence a day. Handsomely equipped and generously managed, the house returned 5 per cent. on the capital invested. The result warranted other houses. The third was opened a few weeks ago, and two more are building. In New York the same plan has been successfully applied of late by Mr. D. Ogden Mills. The Rowton Houses offer home comforts and something like club luxuries to the poor man who has known nothing better than the cheap lodging house and the saloon. His sleeping-room is all his own; he has a right to the kitchen, the bathroom and the library; he can smoke and talk, write or read. The price he pays is within his means, but the fact that he does pay preserves him from the feeling of pauperism. He is proud that he has a home in the house. We quote the London, rather than the New York, experience, for the reason that the Rowton Houses have had time to establish a record. Results show that the roughest men grow tame in decorous surroundings; and that the most hopeless gain courage from an environment of comfort. Naturally, the Rowton Houses have elevated the neighborhoods in which they are located. "Cheap lodgings" are not so dirty or so crowded as they once were. Saloons that used to be "the poor man's club"—as the apologetic phrase goes—attract fewer loungers. The street-corners are almost bare of idle and mischievous men. In short, two thousand persons directly, and many thousands indirectly, have been helped by the Rowton Houses to help themselves—and have willingly paid for the help. We commend the facts to the people who feel that the very poor are beyond relief; to others, who wish to know what may be the next step in common-sense philanthropy; above all, to persons who, when they invest money, like to consider not only the present personal interest, but the future general good.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat pays a glowing tribute to the American volunteers, but every word of its eulogy is deserved. "The military officers who have come from abroad to witness the operations of the army and navy," says the Globe-Democrat, "are more surprised by the volunteer system than by anything else they see." They wonder at the confidence that we repose in such a plan for raising armies. It contrasts very strikingly with the conscript system of continental Europe. In a few weeks our army of 27,000 men has been raised to a strength of 270,000. And all of these volunteers, not a man of them being in the service against his will. The foreign officer, the Globe-Democrat says, admits that "in numbers the volunteers are undeniably ample. But he doubts their value for speedy service. He calls them raw levies. The phrase in America has a meaning different from that attached to it in Europe. The American volunteer is a fighter effective after a very short training. A hundred years of history attest this fact." All that is true, and there is equal truth in much more that the Globe-Democrat says in praise of our volunteers and in noting their superiority over the European conscripts. The American volunteer can be transformed from farmer, mechanic, laborer, clerk, student, idler, or any other of the varied designations of classes or callings, into an effective fighter with comparatively little training. For this reason, among others, we do not need a large standing army. But some training is needed—is actually indispensable. The militia—or so much of it as would enable us to put an army of 100,000 to 200,000 of organized, armed equipped, and disciplined men into the field—should receive the judicious and unremitting care of Congress. With such a reserve we may safely dispense with a large force of professional soldiers. The volunteers may always be relied upon to defend the honor of the flag, but if none of them are properly organized, armed, equipped, and disciplined when an emergency comes we shall have to repeat our very expensive experience and may have a still more costly lesson



## A BELIEVER IN DREAMS.

AT the top of a steep hill two young men sat on a stone wall by the roadside, resting.

It was late on a Sunday afternoon in October. Stretching away on every side, with here and there the roofs of farm-houses visible, were the bright colors of ripening foliage. Four miles away toward the west was the hazy outline of the city.

There had been silence for some time between the two companions. At length Howard Crane spoke. He was an athletic fellow, with a healthy color in his alert, smooth-shaven face.

"I suppose this is our last walk together for this year," he said. "I shall be lonesome enough without you all winter. I wish you had not got to go south."

"And I wish you could go south with me," said John Brant, smiling. He was tall and spare, with a pale, sensitive face. "But of course the law can't get on without you."

Crane laughed. "I don't just see how I can leave now. I'd like to be with you, only I'd hate to waste so much time, and I was never particularly fond of loafing around doing nothing."

"I know I'm lazy," said Brant, good-humoredly, "but where's the use in my doing anything? It would only be taking the bread out of some poor fellow's mouth."

As the sun went down they left the wall and set out at a brisk pace toward the city.

"Of course," said Crane, after a pause, "I don't want you to stay here if your health can't stand it. Queer freak of your lungs to go back on you this way, when they've never given you any trouble before. A winter in the South will fix you all right, but it's going to be lonesome for me. You know you are the only one I am at all chummy with." He sighed deeply.

"You are not going to be so lonely as you think," said Brant, with a quiet smile.

"What do you mean?"

Brant hesitated, and then said a little apologetically: "I know you'll think I'm a silly old woman to believe it, but I had a dream about you a little while ago, and I can't get it out of my head. It was so real."

"Well, what was it?" prompted Crane, as his friend paused.

"That you would be married in less than a year."

"There's nothing I'm less likely to do," said Crane, laughing.

"But I feel sure you will," said Brant, earnestly. "The dream was so vivid, more like a vision. I saw you, and where you lived, and you were very happy."

"It's utterly absurd," said Crane. "Such a thing hasn't entered my head."

They became silent, as they neared the city, each occupied with his own thoughts. At Crane's door they parted.

"If I'm married when you come back, you must come and see us," he said, lightly. "But I shan't be. I haven't any faith in dreams."

"Yes, you will," said Brant, positively. "and I'll be sure and visit you. Good-by."

Slowly and dejectedly Brant walked along the brightly lighted streets to his home. Leaving his coat and hat in the hall, he went to his room, and groping his way across it, sat down in the dark. With his head resting on his hands, the same perplexing, harassing thoughts which had troubled him for the month past chased through his tired brain.

Was he a fool, he asked himself, for the hundredth time. He had deceived his friends, making them think he must leave home on account of his health, when in reality it had never been better. He was going away to exile, leaving his family, all his acquaintances, Crane, and, worst of all—Mildred.

And for what? Because in that wretched dream he had seen Mildred happily married to Crane.

He was tempted even now, at the eleventh hour, to go to Mildred and ask her to be his wife. But the spell of the dream was upon him still, and he felt that he could not betray his friend.

Even if he could, what reason had he

to think that Mildred returned his love? And supposing she did, it would be a wrong to her, for he told himself, with self-deprecation, that Crane would make her the better husband.

No, he would carry out his plan to the bitter end. The dream was so real to him that he did not for a moment doubt its coming true. He smiled a little grimly as he thought how every one believed him to have one foot in the grave, and how his naturally pale face had helped to deceive them.

Mildred would not expect to hear from him, thinking him not able to write. Then Crane would begin to show her little attentions, and—

But here he broke off his reflections, and found himself feeling glad that he would be away and would not have to see the affair going on. When he came back he would be able to meet her with no outward show of emotion.

All winter Brant wandered from place to place, Crane wrote twice, at the first, but he was a poor correspondent, and Brant's third letter remained unanswered.

At home the winter's snows melted, the days grew longer, spring came, and in May Brant returned.



"I SUPPOSE THIS IS OUR LAST WALK TOGETHER FOR THIS YEAR."

As he walked along the street from the station he heard his name spoken, and a moment later Crane was shaking his hand, and saying words of welcome.

"I'm in a hurry now," said Crane, "but come around to the office later, and go home to tea with me. You see," he went on, smilingly, "I've been married a month. It's all just as you said it would be, and I believe in dreams now—your dreams, at any rate. Well, good-by for the present. Be sure and come out. Margaret will be delighted to see you."

Crane hurried off down the street. Brant stood looking after him with an expression of overwhelming amazement on his face.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Good heavens—he's gone and married the wrong one!"—Omaha Bee.

**Jesse James' Last Shave in Kentucky**

"I shaved Jesse James, the once noted outlaw, down in Kentucky a long

time ago," said an old, gray-haired fellow on the train the other day, "when the man's life wasn't worth a penny. Jesse rushed into my little country place, down in the Red River country, one day in the latter part of December, and asked me if I wouldn't shave him while he looked after his Colt's revolvers and watched the door. I was not a barber by trade, but thus persuaded I was induced to try my hand with a new Wade & Butler razor I took out of my showcase. As I shaved the man of iron nerve sat with a cocked pistol in each hand and told me in a few hurried words that a posse was pursuing him, bent on capturing him, dead or alive, on the charge of robbing a bank at Russellville, a crime, he averred, of which he was not guilty. He wanted his beard shaved off that he might fool his pursuers if they should happen to catch up with him. I finished the job of scraping. The much-wanted individual thanked me, and, mounting a horse, which had been hitched in the rear of my store, bade me good evening and rode away. I didn't know for certain who my visitor was, although I suspected it, until the next day, when I heard that a man in the neighborhood was telling that he had seen the elder James the afternoon before. I suppose that was the last shave Jesse James got in Kentucky, and I have never seen him since."—Syracuse Standard.

**New York the Railroad Center.**

"Reasoning Out a Metropolis" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas, written by Ernest Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll says: Railroads began to be built about 1830, and the New-Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west, and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other cities did the same; but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central West and East could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads, built or aided by the Baltimore men to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeeded, therefore, until they had been pushed on to New York, where the volume of commerce was coming to be as great as, or greater than, that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important rail-



"I SUPPOSE THIS IS OUR LAST WALK TOGETHER FOR THIS YEAR."

way system in the United States; that is, it is here that the financial operations—the money part of the management—are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their offices somewhere else.

**Disfigured, but All There.**

There had been a foot-ball game in a smart Western village. It had terminated without any fatalities, and victors and vanquished had met at the principal hotel to eat dinner together in token of restored peace and concord.

"Are the boys all here, landlord?" asked the captain of the victorious eleven, as the proprietor of the hotel came to him to announce that everything was in readiness. "Have you counted noses?"

"Yes, sir," replied the perspiring landlord, "I've counted them. Some of them are a good deal out of shape, but they're all here."—Youth's Companion.



## CENTENNIAL OF OUR NAVY.

From the First Its History Has Been One of Brilliance.

The United States navy completed its first hundred years of existence on Saturday, April 10, 1890, and it is a coincidence worthy of remark that the century ended as it began, with a country facing a foreign war.

As a matter of fact, it was the prospect of trouble with an alien people that called the navy into being. During the revolution, in which such cap-



STEPHEN DECATUR.

was secured in the Philadelphia from Tripoli.

times of John Paul Jones and Esch Hopkins made the patriot cause respectable upon the seas, naval affairs were entrusted to a marine committee. The few public cruises which remained after that costly conflict were sold, and when the Bay of Algiers began to prey upon American commerce, the infant nation was, for the moment, powerless to protect its own. This led Washington to urge the creation of a naval force. Congress in 1794 voted money to build six frigates, the Constitution, President, United States, Chesapeake, Constellation and Congress, and on April 20, 1798, the present department was formally created.

From the first the navy confirmed the wisdom of its creators. Early in 1793 the Constitution—we then had a little misunderstanding with France—



JAMES LAWRENCE.

Who died shouting, "Don't give up the ship!"

fought and captured the Insurgent in West Indian waters, and late in 1803 a squadron of four vessels was sent to protect American rights and honor in the Mediterranean. The frigate Philadelphia, under Capt. Bainbridge, captured a Moorish privateer, but ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli, and the officers were made prisoners of war. Stephen Decatur, then a young lieutenant, proposed to the commander of the fleet to put a crew on board a Tripolitan ketch that had just been captured, enter the harbor at night, and rescue or burn the Philadelphia. This was done on Feb. 16, 1804. The tiny Tripolitan vessel stole quietly to the side of the captured frigate, and Decatur and his men recaptured her in ten minutes. But as it was impossible to move her, she was fired, and Decatur escaped into the open sea without the loss of a man.

The navy's part in the war of 1812 was a glorious one. At the outset of that war Great Britain had 1,048 ships, carrying 27,890 guns and 151,572 officers and men. The United States, on the other hand, had but seventeen



OLIVER PERRY.

The hero of Lake Erie.

ships, carrying 442 guns and 5,025 officers and men. Yet at the end of the struggle, which lasted less than three years, the little American navy had for the time swept the British mercantile marine from the seas, capturing upwards of 1,500 vessels, on board of which were more than 20,000 British seamen.

This is a record without parallel, and it quickens the pulse to read how in

its making the frigate Constitution, commanded in turn by Isaac Hull, William Bainbridge and "Old Ironsides" Stewart, captured the Guerriere and four other British men-of-war; how in the battle of Lake Erie Oliver Perry compelled the surrender, for the first time in history, of an entire British squadron; and Thomas McDonough won a victory not less decisive on Lake Champlain; how captains like Joshua Barney and Richard Dale came out successful from a dozen hard-fought battles; or David Porter, in the harbor of Valparaiso, fought the Essex against two British vessels for two hours and a half, and only surrendered when the frigate was burning under him; and finally, how when the British Shannon captured the Chesapeake, at the mouth of Boston harbor, James Lawrence, the American frigate's first-hearted commander, died at his post, shouting which his last breath, "Don't give up the ship!" It is a chronicle that will live as long as the language in which it is written.

## SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

Amusing Phase of Castilian Character Exhibited by a Cabinet Crisis.

The Cabinet crisis which took place in Spain in 1888 exhibits an amusing phase of Spanish character. The ministerial crisis had existed almost a year, when the resignation of the Cabinet took place as the result of a trivial question of military etiquette. The Queen had left Madrid for an excursion to Valencia, which the Minister of Justice insisted on her making, according to the published arrangement, lest the postponement should be construed as a sign of fear of the Zorillist republicans, who had convoked a mass meeting in the same city. The Infanta Isabel, who was left to represent her, decided to take a journey also, and informed General Martinez Campos that her sister, the Infanta Eulalia, would give out the military watchword. The military governor of Madrid replied that the married Infanta was not legally competent to perform that office, and that it was impossible, according to military rules, for him to receive the parole from her husband, Prince Antonio, Duc de Montpensier, who was only a captain in rank. The Minister of War, who was not on good terms with the captain general, sent a brusque telegram ordering him to receive the password from the Princess Eulalia, whereupon General Campos offered his resignation. All attempts to settle the quarrel failed, and, as a majority of the Cabinet sided with the captain general, General Cassola and the ministers who had supported his view resigned their portfolios. Senor Sagasta handed in the resignation of the entire Cabinet to the Queen Regent, but subsequently, upon the latter's request, formed a new ministry.

**Kaiser Wilhelm's Aim in Life.**  
Poulney Bigelow contributes to the Century an article on "Ten Years of Kaiser Wilhelm." Mr. Bigelow says: I have known few men so free from brag or hypocrisy as was this German prince when he ascended the imperial throne. On the Christmas immediately preceding the death of his father he wrote a letter to a friend three thousand miles away. I have no right to make this letter public, but shall be forgiven for this much: the writer dwelt earnestly upon the year that was closing, and particularly referred to the problems of the future, little dreaming that he was the one who would be called upon to assist in their solution. In this letter he confessed that the ambition of his life was to improve the condition of the working people, to reconcile the rasper conflict between those who have and those who have not, and, above all, to make the Christian religion a real thing. He went on jokingly to lament that some of our American millionaires did not see fit to leave him legacies for this purpose; for he was, he said, always hampered for want of necessary funds.

**Tallest of Trees.**  
In New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania grows a species of gum-tree—Eucalyptus amygdalina is its scientific name—which, Sir F. von Mueller says, probably represents "the tallest of all trees of the globe." The loftiest specimen of this tree yet measured towers to the height of 471 feet. A prostrate tree, measured in Victoria, was 420 feet long, and the distance from the roots to the lowest branch was 226 feet. At that point the trunk was four feet in diameter, and 360 feet from the butt the diameter was still three feet. The wood of this tree is hard and of good quality. It grows quickly, and yields a great quantity of volatile oil from its leaves, which are very abundant.

"I suppose you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism?" said a doctor recently to a fashionable lady of Germantown. "Yes, I suppose I ought to be," answered the lady, "but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or buy a barometer if his bones quit aching before a damp spell!"—Philadelphia Call.

Proud father—My daughter strikes B and is reaching for C. Friend—Oh, but you can't really complain until she begins to strike you for V's and reach for X's.—Judge.

Many a man who has nerve enough, hasn't money enough.

## MANILA OFTEN SHAKEN.

Dewey's Town Several Times Nearly Destroyed by Earthquakes.

The Philippine Islands lie along the great belt of volcanic activity which extends from Japan to the Moluccas, says the Scientific American. Earthquakes, the usual accompaniment of volcanic activity, are too common to the Philippines to be remarkable, unless they tumble one's house about his ears. The



STILL SHOWS ITS INJURY.

light, basket-like dwellings of the natives, perched upon posts, sway about like cradles during these strange movements of the earth, and are often thrown out of perpendicular, but are rarely destroyed. The stone buildings of the Spanish, though usually built of light volcanic rock or of coral, and with thick walls and low stories and projecting buttresses to protect them from earthquakes, are frequently thrown down. Spanish Manila, the old walled town, the only city in the archipelago built of stone, has suffered most, and some of the streets are still blocked by the ruins of the great earthquake of 1863. In 1893 the city was nearly destroyed, and at frequent intervals since its foundation it has suffered loss of life and property. The Church of San Augustine was damaged badly in 1872.

## GEORGIA'S BIG BARREL.

It Has Two Stories, and Is Used as a Barroom.

The largest barrel in Georgia is located at Baldwin, a small town on the Southern Railway. Baldwin is just inside the Banks County line, which is a wet county, and, therefore, this large barrel is used as a bar-room and is known all over this section as "The Barrel." Its size is twenty-two feet long and sixteen feet in diameter, and if used as a barrel proper would hold about 40,000 gallons. It is so constructed as to have a first and a second story, but the second story has not yet been completed.

Mr. Henry Egli, one of the builders of this barrel, planned and designed it himself, and says that he thought of it



THE BARREL BARROOM.

seven or eight years ago, but had never had any inducement to build it, and when the town of Baldwin gave him two central lots 50x75 feet each to build it in their town he then, with this as an inducement, began the work and erected the barrel on one of these lots. He is the owner of the barrel, but not of the saloon. Mr. Egli has inherited the trade of a cooper, his father before him belonging to this class of workmen. He has built quite a number of very large tubs and barrels all over that part of the State.

## Last of the Defoes.

Lovers of Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," will regret to hear that James William Defoe, the last of the family and the great-grandson of the renowned writer, is still an outdoor pauper of the Chelmsford Union. In receipt of the modest pittance of three shillings a week. The old man, who is now in his 77th year, feels deeply the loss of his only son, Daniel, who died last year at San Francisco, Cal., at the early age of 22. The lad was originally placed at the Bluecoat School, but when his term had expired he chose a maritime life. One would have thought that among those who in childhood's happy hours have revelled in the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" there might have been some who would have come forward to free the closing years of the old man's life from the shadow of the almshouse.—London Chronicle.

## A Legend of Aino-Land.

The legend runs that when a certain god and goddess were selected at creation to evolve from chaos the island of Yezo, they were endowed equally with materials and ability to complete the task. To the god were allotted the eastern and southern parts of the island, while the goddess was to attend to the western portion. They began together, vying amiably with each other during the progress of their work. But, alas! the goddess one day met a female friend, and, after the manner of women, stopped to chat with her. This friend, sister of Aolna

Kamui (one of the most ancient forefathers—indeed the Adam of the Aino race), must have been a seductive talker, for the two conversed till a long time about their neighbors and acquaintances, while the god in the east kept steadily at work. Looking up suddenly, and seeing how nearly completed his portion was, and frightened at the state of her own unfinished regions, the goddess hastily drew together her revolving materials in a careless and shoddy manner, leaving this western coast in its present ragged and dangerous condition. But, add the Ainos in telling their legend, no one, even if disposed to grumble at the dangers of these shores, should presume to blame the Creator for such a state of things, as it is wholly the fault of his deputy and her tendency to gossip. The moral is said to be often pointed by their lords at women who talk too much: "Set a watch over your lips, and attend to your duties; for see how rough the west coast of Yezo is, and that all owing to a chattering goddess."—Century.

## His Soul Was Heroic.

It was off the Horn. Waves such as are encountered only there in all the world raced irresistibly. The ship labored mightily through the night. In a hail the cry, "Man overboard!" rang from stem to stern. Without hesitation the helmsman put the wheel "hard up." The watch posted over the sides of the ship into the foam. All at once a man rushed up the companionway. He was in his night-clothes. Without waiting a moment, he leaped the rail, and plunged overboard. There was only death to be found in the boiling, benumbing waters. By some witchery of Neptune, a cross sea tossed the two men to leeward, and the ship dipped them up. They were both unconscious, and the hero had his man clutched by the hair. Even to the old sailors used to miracles of the sea the safety of the two was not so great a marvel as the fact that the man had dared to jump at all; for he was a timid, seafaring hand-lubber making his first voyage, and his seeming cowardice had been the butt of savage scorn. How, then, had he outdared them all in recklessness? He was asked the question. How could he do it?

He answered simply that he had lain awake nights planning just what he would do if he heard the cry, "Man overboard!" It was so hard for him to overcome his instinctive fear of the water that he had mentally and systematically schooled himself to action. Thus, while his body cringed, his soul was heroic. This habit of mind made opportunity impossible to pass by. The intuitive response to his training swept him over the rail before he knew where he was.—Century.

## Gipsy Dancing Girls of Seville.

In the Century Stephen Bonsai writes of "Holy Week in Seville." Mr. Bonsai says: On returning homeward we enter a gipsy garden, where, in bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle, the Gypsy dancing girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Pentheus is as graceful and as handsome today as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dances—as when Martial descended upon her beauties and graces in classic words centuries ago. The hotel-keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Bowdlerized editions of the dance are performed; but I commend to those who think they can "skit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally to-day, as they were in the days of the Caesars, by light-limbed chain-dancers of hearse, and flamenca girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun; and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living. Now they dance about with the grace of hours, the abandon of nuns, and or of nymphs before Actaeon peeped; and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle, and sit for hours under the banana trees, crooning softly some mournful couplet in the crooked gipsy tongue.

## Fire Insurance in Canada.

According to the Statistical Year Book published by the Canadian Government, in the twenty-seven years from January 1, 1863, to December 31, 1891, the people of Canada paid to the fire insurance companies of Great Britain, Canada and the United States \$120,047,254 in premiums. During the same period the insurance companies returned to the people the snug sum of \$80,658,343 for fire losses. In other words, the companies' profits from their Canadian business in twenty-seven years amount to \$40,000,000, or nearly a million and a half of dollars every year.

## Paper Teeth Being Made.

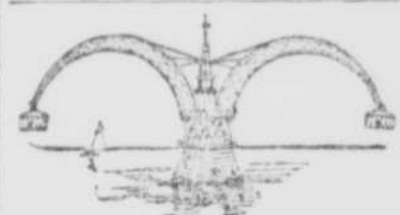
Paper teeth are made by a dentist in Lubeck, Germany. One of his patrons has a set which has been in use for thirteen years, and gives complete satisfaction.

Money is everything to the poor fellow who hasn't a cent.

## A REVOLVING BRIDGE.

Novel Plan of a Liverpool Inventor for Bridging Large Tidal Waters.

Engineers have worked for many years on the problem of bridging large tidal rivers. One solution already in operation is the huge suspension bridge over the East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn. But in this case the elevation above the water line is such as to admit of the passage of vessels carrying the heaviest masts afloat. It is an expensive method of getting around the difficulty. Draw bridges in such waters are generally



PROPOSED REVOLVING BRIDGE.

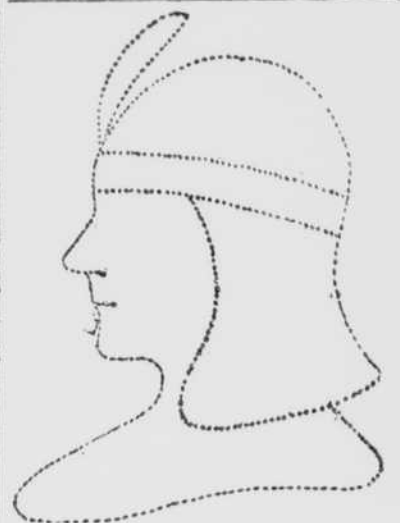
objected to. Now a Liverpool inventor comes to the front with a plan for a revolving bridge to connect the two shores of the Mersey. The plan is singular enough to merit discussion.

P. F. Otto is the Liverpool engineer who has designed the proposed new structure. The base of his plan is a huge pedestal of solid masonry raised well above high-water mark and placed in the center of the stream. Erected on this pier is the bridge itself, consisting of two gigantic steel arms. On the extremes or shore ends of these arms are two-story rooms, the lower portion being used for vehicles and the upper for passengers. The rooms for wagons, etc., will hold half a dozen at a time.

## AN ASTONISHING FEAT.

At a Distance of 20 Feet a Young Rifle Shot Does Marvelous Shooting.

Adolph Toepperwein, San Antonio's marvelous young rifle shot, has just performed another of his astonishing feats. The accompanying cut shows what manner of feat it was. With a 22-caliber rifle he stood at a distance of twenty feet from a double thickness of heavy paper, about three feet long



INDIAN'S HEAD DRAWN WITH BULLETS.

by two wide, and shot on it the outline of an Indian's head. It took exactly 152 shots to do the trick. It was free-hand drawing, as the figure was not traced on the paper beforehand. This made the feat especially difficult, as "Top" had to place every shot with reference to where its predecessor had gone and where all the following shots were to go. In other words, he had to have every detail of the "drawing" planned out and constantly in his mind's eye while he was shooting. One shot fired a fraction of an inch wide would have spoiled the whole picture.

## About Books.

The ideal house has books all over it, and yet it is best for the books themselves that they have an apartment truly their own. Many people who feel that they cannot afford a "library" would be astonished if they realized how easily one might be arranged. One of the most charming book rooms of which I know is merely a small chamber with a pretty view from two windows and a snug corner fireplace. At small expense deal shelves were run entirely around the wall space, and fitted with roller blinds, which may be drawn down in front of the books at night, or in the daytime when cleaning is going on.—Boston Home Journal.

## Origin of "Blanket."

In the reign of Edward III. there were at Bristol three brothers who were eminent clothiers and woolen weavers, and whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons who manufactured that comfortable material which has ever since been called by their name, and which was then used for peasants' clothing.—Boston Traveler.

Hewitt—That hotel clerk queered himself last night. Jewett—How was that? Hewitt—A lady he was calling upon happened to say that her foot was asleep, and he absent-mindedly asked her what time she would have it called.—Town Topics.

A Woman's Watch.—Miss Hilborn—It seems to run very well for a day and a half, and then it will not go at all. Watchmaker—"Yes; it should be wound occasionally."—Jeweler's Weekly.



## FORT WRANGEL NEWS

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### TO METLAKAHTLA.

#### Judge Jackson and a News Man Make the Trip.

A Small Bed, A Large Man. The Prettiest Town in All Alaska.

A News man was recently standing on the deck of one of the sound steamers waiting for the boat to pull out for the south.

"Where now?" said Capt. Adams, who was standing on the wharf with one eye turned toward the writer and the other in search of any whiskey smugglers that might be around the dock.

"Oh, only to Metlakahtha," said the News man, and little did we then think that our trip was to be one of the pleasantest we had ever experienced and that we were to see the prettiest town in all Alaska.

We were going with Judge Jackson, who went to hold a term of court at that place. The Judge was heavily loaded with legal lore as well as baggage, and the latter included a fair sized arsenal. The genial, social qualities of "his honor" would not permit his going alone on a trip, which it was supposed would be far from pleasant. While we were on the boat anxiously waiting for the order to loosen the lines, the Judge was pacing back and forth on the dock, trying to keep in the rain, which at that time was not an unwelcome visitor.

When the whistle sounded the usual signal to "let go," the Judge boarded the ship and soon we were scudding along at a ten to twelve mile pace. The run to Ketchikan was to us without much interest. We were to arrive there at about 1 o'clock in the morning, but it was after two. We were not given a state room, and after the usual bed time, the two wanderers silently held down some of the many vacant chairs that the sleeping population of the boat made vacant. At Ketchikan we made a safe landing and then our trouble commenced. Clark & Martin own nearly all the buildings in the town, which includes a hotel and restaurant, but the man in charge in sorrowful tones informed us that the beds were all full, however, he would thoroughly examine into the matter. We followed him up and down stairs into rooms, through corridors, and finally returned to the sidewalk for rest and consultation. He conceived a thought. A man had left on the boat, and we were to have the room made vacant. We were conducted to the room. The bed was three and a half feet wide—the Judge is three—and where the writer came in, our readers can easily imagine. Who are these people that fill up the sleeping rooms at Ketchikan, you ask. Well, they are prospectors and travelers. Thorn Arm is located on that island and a great many people have gone there, some are still going, and others returning. There are many mining claims around the Ketchikan country, some of which give evidence of becoming very valuable. We were shown some ore by a man named Johnson that is worth thousands of dollars to the ton. We stopped in Ketchikan for several days, waiting for a fair wind and a safe sea. Metlakahtha is not on the route from Fort Wrangel to Victoria. It is about fifteen miles south, and we had to take passage on a sail boat. We secured the services of Capt. Peter McKinnon, who owns a fine Columbia river boat, twenty-six feet long. The Capt. would not risk so valuable a cargo in his own hands at a time when a storm might strike a boat at any time, so he took with him a man whose name we failed to get, but who, besides being a fine fellow, is also a thorough sailor. Joseph Campbell, of Metlakahtha was also one of our party and on his way home.

A dory took us to the craft we were to continue our journey in and for miles we didn't exactly run against the wind, but came very near it. We were first on one side of the channel and then on the other. They called it tacking, but we wouldn't call it that if we were writing a dictionary. The end of

four miles took us out to a channel running south and which extends to the main ocean. Our place of destination was down this channel, and the wind, water and tide seemed to be contending for supremacy. The captain and his mate looked toward the south. The Judge's hair began to raise his hat off of his head. Joe seemed perfectly composed, but we made up our mind that we were more scared than anybody. "It's too dangerous," said Captain Peter, the rudder was given a flip, the centerboard was raised, and away we went at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and soon we were back to Ketchikan. We loafed around the town for a day or two and Captain Peter again took us on board and we made a second start for Metlakahtha. Our second attempt was successful only, after being in the boat for eight long hours. At times there was a good, strong wind, so strong as to make the boat unsafe, according to our ideas of a sail boat. We must have gone fifty miles to make the fifteen between Ketchikan and Metlakahtha. The boat would partly "lay down" when a real hard wind would catch the sail and the waves would splash into the boat, and the water hunt around for a boat top to get into or to get between us and the board on which we were sitting. Our early life was spent as a "land lubber," and we must confess that a sail boat in a rough sea gives us a very peculiar feeling. Just how one does feel is hard to describe, but we will try and give a slight description.

There are about thirty feet of small intestines in the human body, and when the boat tumbles around, to one not a sailor, it just seems as if that thirty feet twists into a hard ball, just winds up into a knot and remains that way until the wind subsides, when it resumes its normal condition or feeling. After the unwinding process takes place, there is a kind of feeling of repose until another squall strikes the boat. Of course it affects people differently. The fact is, that you cannot accurately describe just how a person does feel, any more than you can say what a frightened man will do when in a tight place.

We got the first glimpse of Metlakahtha when some five miles away. We were surprised, for really we knew nothing about the town. "That large white building is the church," said Captain Peter. "It's the nicest town in Alaska," said the first mate. In due time we landed safe and sound and soon became the guests of Rev. William Duncan.

#### METLAKAHTLA.

The population of Metlakahtha is about 700 people, all Indians except about a half dozen. There is a cannery, a saw mill, a girl's school and boarding house, a boy's school, a town hall, a large hotel building and a fine church, besides residences, of which there are many, large, well built of good lumber, and nearly all painted. The townsite was surveyed and every location was made a corner lot. From two to three miles of good sidewalk, ten feet wide, has been put down and a number of bicycles are used on them.

#### A FINE WATER POWER.

As you enter the harbor, across the bay to the east, one sees a white streak, which extends from a fair sized mountain to the bay. A closer view reveals the fact that the white streak is a good sized stream of water which has been lashed into a foam in its descent. This stream comes from a large fresh water lake, which is high up and surrounded by mountains, except only at its outlet. From the lake to the mill and cannery is probably two to two and a half miles and the water is piped from the lake down to them. The water is also used for other purposes in the town. Not one per cent. of the power that the lake could supply is used.

#### THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

The church building proper, is about 80 feet wide by 100 feet long, in one room, and the ceiling extends up to the rafters. There are no posts or pillars in this room. It is ceiled throughout with white and red cedar. A very pretty border of inlaid wood of different colors extends all around the inside about twenty feet from the floor. The pulpit is on a raised platform and is made of native wood, in pieces an inch wide of red and white color. It is a beautiful piece of work. A large pipe organ sits to the right of the pulpit. An addition has been built to the back of the church for a pastor's study. The seats are good and comfortable, and the floor is entirely covered over with linoleum. This church cost over \$20,000, and is no doubt the finest in Alaska.

#### WHAT WE SAW AT CHURCH.

Early on Sunday morning Judge Jackson and the writer walked up to the church. We were among the very first to take seats, and selected those well back that we might obtain a good view. The Indians, or rather natives as they are generally called, seemed to

come in families. It was a beautiful sight to see the old and the young, men and women kneel down in front of their seats and offer a silent prayer to Him they came to worship, while all of the younger attendants who did not kneel, bowed their heads while in a sitting posture and prayed. Rev. Wm. Duncan entered from his study and took his seat in the pulpit. The singing was in English and the ushers provided the strangers with books. The sermon and the prayers were in the native tongue and if he took a "turn" at the Judge and the editor, we of course didn't know it. The natives, as near as we could learn, are all members of the church and professing Christians. They are all well dressed and with the exception of the aged, can read and write. The organ was played by a native woman and the singing was as good as you hear in any country town.

#### A MODEL COMMUNITY.

The Indians at Metlakahtha are model men and women. Whiskey has been kept from them and they do not even use tobacco. They are sober and industrious, own their own homes and the children are all taught to read and write. They are well dressed and look neat and clean. For eleven years they have lived at Metlakahtha, and we are certain that the manner of dealing with these people as adopted at that place is the correct solution of Christianizing, civilizing and educating the Indian.

#### OUT OF TOBACCO.

By the time we arrived at Metlakahtha, the Judge and the writer became pretty well acquainted. The usual reserve of his honor had partly worn away. We could lay our hands on him without danger, or even encountering one of his severe looks. The Judge took some cigars with him, and a small supply of smoking tobacco, the writer a fair supply of the latter and a pipe. When this stock commenced to run low we began to think of replenishing, and then we became aware that not a cigar or ounce of smoking tobacco could be purchased at any of the half dozen stores in the town. What to do was the question. We consulted over the situation, then meditated for a time. Then a second consultation was held, but this failed to bring us tobacco. One day the Judge saw a little dried up Frenchman smoking a pipe. He lived there and had an Indian wife. "I'll strike him," said the Judge. That strike saved us. He got a two ounce sack of Lime Kiln Club. It was hard to take, but it saved our lives.

#### THE COURT.

Judge Jackson's court calendar consisted of one entry—a forcible entry and detention case. After his arrival a small case of petty larceny was commenced. These two law suits were disposed of with neatness and dispatch and to the satisfaction of the people generally.

#### REV. WILLIAM DUNCAN.

It is to the above named man that the Metlakahtha Indians are indebted for their condition, which we do not hesitate to say is far in advance of any community of natives in all Alaska. Mr. Duncan left a lucrative business in London in 1857, and came to Port Simpson and commenced his life work—that of christianizing the Indians. He learned their language, and that he has been faithful, devoted and thorough is evidenced by the town we visited and the condition of the Indians at this time, as compared to what they formerly were. The church of England attempted to force upon these people the forms of their church, which were repulsive to them. Mr. Duncan agreed with the Indians and tried to induce the church to permit these people to worship in the simplest possible manner. The result was that Mr. Duncan and the natives left the British side and located at Metlakahtha, built up a town, and where they worship God in such a manner as is agreeable to them.

Mr. Duncan is now some 66 years old, but still full of energy, and manages the affairs of the Mission in an able manner. He is busy all the time, from early morning until late at night it is work and worry, and all for the benefit of these natives, with whom he has been so long. The Indians love and respect him as a Christian man and teacher. They have good cause to do so. Mr. Duncan is a most pleasing conversationalist and never did we enjoy anything more than to hear him relate some of the many of his experiences since coming to this country. If any one desires to know how to handle the Indians, they should learn Mr. Duncan's methods.

But the lack of space compels us to leave much unsaid in this article. The escape with our lives on the homeward trip, the Indian sailor and how the Judge and the writer got a good wetting and many other things, may perhaps be referred to in some future issue.

Send your eastern friends a sample copy of the News.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1896.

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BRUNO GREIF, Proprietor.

The New Brewery Building is so far completed that it has been occupied and used for some time past.

—WITH A—

## FINE, LARGE BREWERY

—AND—

## And the Latest Improved Machinery

Comes an increase of product and consequently at a reduced cost of manufacture. My customers shall share this saving with me, and I make the following reductions:

Keg Beer per Gallon, 40 cents.  
Best Beer, per Dozen Bottles, \$1.50.

The new hall has been completed west of the Brewery in first-class style and is now occupied.

## FIRST CLASS LODGING HOUSE

The finest lunch counter in the city which is always well provided with the very best of everything.

Refreshments the Very Best. Patronize a Home Industry.

## THE CASSIAR....

—In front of McKinnon's Wharf—  
NO 27 FRONT STREET

## The Gentleman's Resort

LARGE ROOM, TABLES AND CHAIRS  
IN ABUNDANCE.

FINE POOL TABLE

## The Choicest Refreshments in the City

DON'T FORGET THE CASSIAR

Remember the....

## Eureka Brewing Co.

432 FRONT STREET.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A nice cool place to spend an afternoon or evening.

Best and Coolest Refreshments in the City

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224 and 625 Front St.

Dealer in **General Merchandise**

SUBSCRIPTIONS  
ONE YEAR - \$3.00  
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Advertising Rates  
ON APPLICATION  
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ADVERTISING MEDIUM  
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SOUTHEAST ALASKA  
FIRST CLASS  
"JOB WORK"  
A SPECIALTY  
SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

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..NEWS..

AND GET THE

..NEWS..



## TIDE TIME-TABLE.

(Soldier's Time.)

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

HIGH.	LOW.
21—5:16 a. m.	11:2 a. m.
5:1 p. m.	1:45 a. m.
22—6:5 a. m. (Moon 1st q.)	11:51 a. m.
6:51 p. m.	2:34 a. m.
23—6:54 a. m.	12:40 p. m.
6:42 p. m.	3:23 a. m.
24—7:43 a. m.	1:29 p. m.
7:31 p. m.	4:12 a. m.
25—8:32 a. m.	2:18 p. m.
8:20 p. m.	5:1 a. m.
26—9:21 a. m.	3:7 p. m.
9:9 p. m.	5:50 a. m.
27—10:10 a. m.	3:56 p. m.
10:58 p. m.	6:39 a. m.
28—10:50 a. m.	4:45 p. m.
10:47 p. m.	7:28 a. m.
29—11:48 a. m. (Moon full)	5:24 p. m.
11:36 p. m.	8:17 a. m.
30—12:37 p. m.	9:23 p. m.
12:25 a. m.	9:6 a. m.

### THE LOCAL FIELD.

Items of Interest Dished Up in Brief for the Benefit of Our Readers.

R. C. Deihl is at Skaguay for a few weeks.

Go to W. J. Sully for good wood, any length.

Miss Snyder has gone east indefinitely.

Fresh Limbergur Cheese at Case & Wilson's.

Mrs. Hamilton contemplates a move to Seattle soon.

Mr. Severance is removing his family to Skaguay for the winter.

The sun utterly refuses to shine on the just or unjust, these days.

W. J. Sully has a large supply of dry wood for sale, at moderate prices.

Choicest confectionery in town at 322 Front street, Hunt Grocery Co.

Prospector James returned last night from a trip after the precious metal.

Bro. Hirsch has put up a fine large street lamp, in front of his store. Next.

Mr. Robert Reid, that prince of merchants, went up the Stikeen on the Casca.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. at 322 Front street.

Extra copies of the News are on sale at the Hunt Grocery Co. and S. Strouse's Tobacco Store.

We are under obligations to Messrs. Thwing and Stark for much good religious reading.

Fred Patching has made much needed improvement to the street in front of his residence.

Fresh ranch eggs, guaranteed fresh just received by the Hunt Grocery Co. 322 Front street.

What has become of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Wrangel Club? We would appreciate another entertainment.

Capt. I. Myhre Hofstad, wife and child went to Seattle on the Cottage City and will return in a few weeks.

Nice bread, pies and cakes at the San Francisco Bakery. Large five and ten cent loaves. Everything baked fresh every day.

The Monte Cristo and Strathcona returned from up the Stikeen to-day being unable to get to Glenora on account of the low water.

Judge Sundmacher, as referee, has tried the case of Barclay et al vs. the steamer Dianna. He is now trying the divorce case of Wilcox vs. Wilcox.

The finest stock of Perfumery ever brought to Fort Wrangel at the Wrangel Drug Co. They are over stocked on this article and you can get a low down price.

Uncle Sam has sent our soldier boys a full year's supply of nearly everything they use, from which we infer that they will remain here this winter. Thanks awfully.

Loyal Young went up to Glenora on the Strathcona, that is he started for that place, but at last accounts the boat was stuck on a sand bar where Loyal will have plenty of time for rest and meditation.

### A Big Cargo.

The Casca was loaded on her last trip down—slightly loaded. She had 106 passengers, 70 animals and 25 tons of freight. The water in the Stikeen is one foot below all previous records.

### The Spelling School.

A handsome prize will be given to the best speller Thursday evening, also a "booby prize" to the poorest.

### You Must Have Them.

A full supply of paper, envelopes and writing material at prices to suit the buyer at the Wrangel Drug Co.

John E. Sales.

John E. Sales, who came so near losing his life up the Stikeen while blasting some rock, returned from Victoria last week, where he had been in the hospital for three weeks past. He returns in good shape we think, for an invalid. The different members of his body only disclose a loss of one little finger. John made the News office a call the first of the week and he speaks very highly of the manner in which he was treated at Victoria. Mr. Sales is one of our best citizens and everybody rejoices with us in his coming out of the accident with such good luck.

### Spelling Match.

The Ladies Aid Society of Fort Wrangel will hold a spelling match, in the Opera House, on the evening of the 29th of September. Two captains will be chosen and a very pleasant time is anticipated. Every one is cordially invited to come and spell, or if you can't spell, come and learn how and watch those whom you thought could spell so correctly get "spelled down." Admission 10 cents. Come one, come all.

Mrs. ROUNDTREE, Sec'y.

By order of the L. A. S.

### Church Calendar.

Sabbath School 2:30 p. m. Sunday. Ada E. Sparhawk, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Society, prayer meeting 7 p. m. Sunday. L. H. Wakefield, President.

Song service 7:30 p. m. Sunday. Mrs. Thwing, Organist.

Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m. Friday. Rev. C. Thwing, Minister; A. T. Bennett and James W. Young, Elders. All are invited. Seats Free.

Services for natives, Sunday, 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., and Wednesday at 4 p. m.

### JUDGE JACKSON'S SUCCESSOR.

An Associated Press dispatch dated Sept. the 19th inst., states that Fred Page, of Tustin, Oregon, was on that date appointed United States Commissioner for Alaska at Fort Wrangel.

President McKinley is usually very careful in making his appointments and we doubt not he has in this instance selected a good man.

### The Truth About It.

Mackenzie, Mann & Co. have left their wheelbarrows, picks, shovels, etc., up at Glenora, but about everything else has been brought down. A representative of that firm was recently asked if the railroad would be built, and his reply was: "It all depends on legislation. If the Canadian government will pass the proper legislation, the road will be built."

### Going Soon.

Dr. V. McAlpin will leave Fort Wrangel about Oct. 10th for the east. He has concluded to make his departure permanent. We much regret this. Everybody in the town will join us in regretting this loss. The Doctor is an expert in his profession, a genial, pleasant gentleman and one of that class we can so ill afford to lose. Those who have Dentistry work should not fail to secure his services.

### The Woodbine.

One of the best resorts for men in this city, is the Woodbine, on East Front street. It is a nice, quiet place, cool and comfortable and just the place for a man to spend a while reading the paper and enjoying the music. Go to the Woodbine during your leisure time.

### NOTICE.

Citizens can have best barber work done at Barber Shop near Postoffice in Court House lot.

### Read the News.

FOR THE FREE

Use of Members. Visitors Welcomed.

Annual Fee \$2.00

President,.....LOYAL YOUNG

Vice Pres.,.....CLARENCE THWING

Secretary,.....GEO. T. WILLIAMS

Treasurer,.....GEORGE SHAKES

N. B. Every Thursday evening the rooms are thrown open to the ladies for social amusements.

Books, PAPERS, MAGAZINES, GAMES and BOWLING ALLEY.

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Use of Members. Visitors Welcomed.

## NOTICE.

GEORGE A. PRITCHETT, Deceased.

Pursuant to the Trustee and Executor's Act, notice is hereby given that creditors and other persons having any claims or demands upon or against the Estate of George A. Pritchett, late of Glenora, Cassiar, B. C., who died on the 7th of September, 1898, Administration of whose estate and effects was granted to James Porter, of Telegraph Creek, Cassiar, and Duncan McKinnon, of Wrangel, Alaska, by the will of the said George A. Pritchett (deceased), dated the Twenty-Seventh day of June, 1896, at Wrangel, Alaska, are hereby required to send in writing the particulars of their claims and demands to the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon, at their residences aforesaid, on or before the 1st day of November, 1898. And notice is hereby given that, at the expiration of the above mentioned day, the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon will proceed to distribute the assets of the said George A. Pritchett amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard to the claims of which the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon have then had notice, and the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed, to any person of whose claims the said James Porter and Duncan McKinnon have had no notice at the time of the distribution.

Dated this 22nd day of September, 1898.

(Signed) JAMES PORTER, J. (Signed) DUNCAN MCKINNON, J. Administrators of the Estate.

Date of first publication Sept. 28, 1898.

## THE Fort Wrangel News

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## A Growing Young City, Great Natural Resources

On same latitude of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Copenhagen, Riga, Moscow and Tobolsk, and south of the great Cities of St. Petersburg and Archangel.

Wrangel is the center of an inhabitable area of 45,000 square miles rich in Timber, Fish, Coal, Petroleum, Furs, Game, Cereals, Vegetables, Small Fruits, Marble, Building Stone, Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron, Copper and Sulphur.

The climate of Southeastern Alaska is comparatively mild, being influenced by the Great Japanese Current, and is much the same as the British Isles under the Gulf Stream

The new land law gives each settler eighty acres.

Transportation facilities are regular Steamship lines with the United States and Canada.

The harbor is safe, deep and commodious, is at the mouth of Stikeen river, navigable for 150 miles into the Cassiar District.

If you are interested in Southeastern Alaska, the Twenty-Five Thousand Club can give you valuable information.

For any specific information as to Land, Settlements, Manufactures, Mines, &c., &c.,

Address

Twenty-Five Thousand Club,

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.



# THE NAVAL HEROES OF THE GREAT SANTIAGO BATTLE.



## A GRANITE PILL.

Fictitious Suggestion of an Old Bay State Odd Fellow.

The authorities of Worcester, Mass., are anxious that all local Oddfellows shall be buried together in the local cemetery, and, as an inducement, the tomb shown has been put up. The monument is made of slabs of solid granite, and has been polished. It looks like a stupendous ball of stone, and is the most conspicuous object in the cemetery. A large plot of land round about it has been purchased.



THE MONUMENT.

chased by the committee, and the Worcester Oddfellows will have their names engraved on this unique memorial.

It appears that some of the members do not approve of the idea, as many people prefer to be buried with their families. Some amusement was caused by one of the objecting members suggesting that the memorial should be placed over the grave of a doctor who died recently, as the ball of stone would represent a certain pill which it appears the physician had been fond of giving to his patients.

## Climate of Iceland.

Iceland is not by any means so forbidding a country as its name implies; it is no more a land of ice than Greenland is a land of verdure. It is not nearly so cold as many places in the United States, not to mention the Canadian Dominion. The fifty and sixty degrees below zero registered every winter in the Northwest Territory and Assinibola, and even the thirty-five and forty below experienced in Montana and Northern Dakota, are unheard of in Iceland. Neither is the other extreme of great heat felt, such as these very regions in North America endure. No Icelanders know what a temperature of a hundred in the shade is. There are no sudden fluctuations or great changes; the climate is remarkably equable. A variation of thirty degrees in a month is probably not on record in the island. This equableness is due, of course, to the same cause that produces a similar effect in the British Isles—the gulf

stream. This great ocean current washes the southern and western shores of Iceland, insuring a mild winter and a balmy summer. There are glaciers, but they form no icebergs. The sea around the island is never frozen, nor indeed is any floating ice seen, save on rare occasions off the northern coast. Now and then, in summer, prolonged storms will carry floating ice across from the Greenland coast, and drive it upon the northern shore of Iceland, together with cold fog and rain. In this way polar bears are also sometimes landed on the island. On the other hand, the winters are so mild that thunderstorms often occur. In fact, most of the thunderstorms in Iceland are in the winter months.

## A Taste of Discipline.

The woman who insists on dragging her helpless child into the most crowded of shops is abroad in the land this year, as usual. I encountered her, or a certain variety of her, in the waiting room of a big store day before yesterday. She wasn't quite the common variety, for her child was not helpless. In fact, it was quite evident that the child had dragged the mother, and not the mother the child. She must have been 5 years old, and was so "spoiled"—well, as my old nanny used to put it, she was spoiled till her presence was really an offense to the olfactory sense. She wanted something her mother couldn't give her, and she proceeded to scream. The mother coaxed. The mother begged. The child screamed. The child danced with rage, and then she held her breath. The frightened mother tried to pacify her, and then when the child grew purple in the face and seemed on the point of choking, the poor woman began to cry.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she sobbed. "The doctor told me not to get her into a tantrum. She'll die, I know she will!"

Just at this juncture an elderly woman, with a square chin, stepped up. She did not say a word. She simply reached down, lifted that child, laid her across her knee, and gave her several resounding spanks. The astonished child caught her breath instantly. She was too surprised to go on screaming. She simply stared. The mother began to say things to the elderly woman with the square jaw, but the elderly woman walked calmly away. There was the look in her face as of a great desire gratified.—Washington Post.

## Working Dogs Are Exempt.

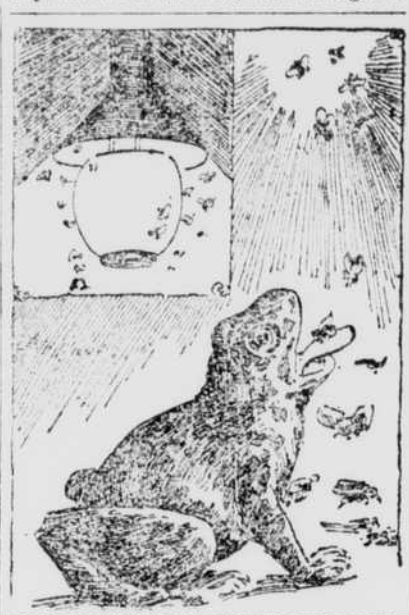
Dogs kept exclusively for guiding blind persons, or for tending sheep or cattle on a farm, or for shepherds, are exempt from taxation in Great Britain.

People are beginning to admit that many men are looking for work who do not want it.

## TOAD'S INGENUOUS PLAN.

Owes Its "Board and Keep" to the Electric Light Company.

A Kansas City toad owes its "board and keep" to the electric light company. An electric arc light hangs at the corner of Prospect avenue and Independence boulevard, and at night it



HOW THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FEEDS HIM. attracts myriads of flies and bugs. They flutter too near the flame, become blinded or stung their wings and fall to the toad, who sits below in delightful anticipation.

He dines slowly, as becomes an epicure, taking about an hour for the performance.

## Easter Bull Fights at Seville.

We are returning from the social function of the week; for, alas! even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the tabalado, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed to-morrow by the most celebrated matadors in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread, there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull-ring; and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bullfight, even if, as not seldom happens, he has to pawn his household gods and sacred images to do so.—Century.

## A Hall of Education.

Greater New York is to have a hall of education, to cost something like \$500,000. The project has been dragging along for nine years. It is to be used exclusively by the Board of Education, which now rents quarters on the outside from time to time.

## Highest Point for Health.

The highest point to which a man can ascend without health being seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

## BEGAN AS A CHORE BOY.

Sampson's Rise from Woodchopper to Rear Admiral.

Admiral Sampson is a man of the people. Neither wealth nor birth has helped him win his oak leaf and anchor shoulder straps. Brains alone were his heritage. His father was a farmer, a day laborer, who earned a living in a rural community by doing a day's work here and another there, splitting wood for one man, plowing



REAR ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON.

for another and helping out in haying time for a third. Such are the possibilities of the republic.

Although a graduate of the academy at Annapolis William T. Sampson practically "came into the navy through the lawbooks," as the sailors have it. Sons of farm-hands are not commonly appointed naval cadets, even in this democratic country. As his father was a farmhand, so young Sampson was a chore boy. He "worked out" too. He split wood, raked hay and dug potatoes at so much per day, and it wasn't so very much either.

But William Sampson was no ordinary chore boy. He liked books, and he studied hard, not because he had to, but because he wanted to. Even in a little village a boy who shows merit is bound to be appreciated. Young Sampson was. The local dignitary, "Squire" Southwick of Palmyra, N. Y., where Sampson was born, took an interest in him, and when the "Squire's" friend, E. B. Morgan, was elected to Congress Southwick used his influence to have "that Billy Sampson" appointed to the Naval academy. He must have felt somewhat ill at ease among so many young aristocrats, but if he did he let no one know it.

It was in 1857 that he went to Annapolis, so when he graduated at the head of his class four years later he found the times ripe for his services. Without reviewing his naval career it is of interest right here to mention an incident which happened to him early in the civil war.

He was a lieutenant and executive officer on the gunboat Patapsco, which was part of the blockading squadron off Charleston. One day the war department decided that Charleston must be taken. The Confederates had sowed the harbor thick with mines and torpedoes, so Lieutenant Sampson was ordered to take the Patapsco in and clear them out. It meant almost certain destruction, but some one had to do it. In under the belching guns of the forts steamed the gunboat.

It was a spectacular progress. Every fort yelled a murderous welcome. Steadily the little ship moved on her business. The heights were lined with sharpshooters, and soon they began to sweep her decks with bullets that came in whistling sheets like rain in a sudden storm. Sampson ordered the marines and sailors below to lie behind the iron protection, but himself kept his position on the bridge all alone.

Then the firing ceased with startling suddenness. The next instant the ironclad went up into the air, rent into fragments by a giant torpedo. Lieutenant Sampson was blown into the air and fell into the water 100 feet away. Twenty-five of his crew were struggling near him. The rest, more



WHERE SAMPSON WAS BORN.

than seventy, had been torn to pieces. The floating men were picked up, Sampson among them. He was ready for duty next day, as serene as if a flight on a hoisted ship were only a holiday experience. He was made a lieutenant commander the next year. Promotion was slower after the war closed. Sampson became a full captain in 1889.

A keen, shrewd man is Sampson, a man who knows every branch of naval theory and practice as few know it. He is never impulsive, never hurried,

never at a loss. He is almost a recluse. You hear no anecdotes about Sampson, no funny stories or witty replies of his. In all this country there is only one place where they speak of him as "Billy" Sampson, and that place is "Up in Wayne County," the section of New York State in which he was born. He is a man of one idea, and that idea is the navy of the United States. His whole life is his profession.

## FIRES THE DYNAMITE GUNS.

Lieut. John Gardner Quinby, Ordnance Officer of the Vesuvius.

Lieut. John Gardner Quinby, who fired the dynamite guns on the Vesuvius at the recent bombardment of one of the forts at Santiago, is the senior lieutenant and ordnance officer of the dynamite cruiser. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1890, and is a son of Brig. Gen. L. F. Quinby, who was a classmate of Gen. U. S. Grant at West Point. Lieut. Quinby was appointed to Annapolis by President Grant in 1874, and was graduated third in his class. He was the youngest member of the class, being only 14 years old when appointed. After leaving Annapolis he was assigned to the Richmond as an ensign, and served on her when she carried Gen. Grant on his trip around the world. He next served on the Lancaster, and from 1885 to 1887 was instructor in applied mathematics at Annapolis. His next service was on a cruise as junior lieutenant on the schooner Jamestown, and then he was detailed to the receiving ship Franklin, at the Norfolk navy yard. For three years succeeding this he was in charge of the Government hydrographic office at Norfolk, after which he took a course of study in high explosives at the Naval War College at



LIEUT. JOHN GARDNER QUINBY.

Newport. He is recognized as a torpedo expert and was assigned to the Vesuvius on account of his expert knowledge of the handling of high explosives.

## ANCIENT REMEDIES.

Alchemy and Superstition Proposed Some Ridiculous Compounds.

It is strange to notice the great belief which the ancients appeared to have in the restorative properties of human blood. So, for epilepsy, diseases of the brain, and even for spleen, human blood was much recommended. "In the month of May take a considerable quantity of healthy young men's blood." The blood was discolored twice and dried in the sun. One wonders what the "healthy young men" had to say on this subject of blood-letting, especially as "a considerable quantity" was taken. In olden times no one need remain wrinkled. All that was necessary was to "smear the face with a mixture of water and the pounded root of wild cucumber." If any one was afflicted with freckles it was his own fault; the remedy was simple if scarcely pleasant; he must "rub a bull's gall on the face." To us who are apt to be irritated by dust or smoke in the eye while on the railway the following prescription should be valuable: "Chant the psalm 'Qui habitat' three over water, with which then douche the eye." A certain remedy for curing an imberbe was to give him as many eggs of the screech owl boiled hard as he could possibly eat, when he would ever after be a total abstainer. This is surely worthy the attention of the temperance societies. The search for "the philosopher's stone" seems to have been no mere craze of the unlettered. Men of unimpeachable ability and great learning wasted the greater part of their lives on this quest. Some supposed mercury to be the chief transmuting force; others thought that by sulphur the bodies of metals could be turned into "the most fine pure gold and silver." Though Bacon was a firm believer in the elixir vitae, Paracelsus was the most diligent inquirer after this wondrous liquid. He prepared a remedy called "Primum Ens Mellissae," which was made of pure carbonate of potash and the fresh leaves of the melissa plant, on which was poured pure alcohol. Generally, however, the idea seems to have been that the elixir of life was composed of the four elements blended together.—London Spectator.

## The Bogs of Ireland.

About one-seventh of the total area of Ireland is bog land. The Bog of Allen alone covers nearly 250,000 acres.

Impassioned Lover—Tell me, my angel, what to do to prove my love; oh, that I might, like some knight of old, battle for you, suffer for you, die for you. Sweet Girl—I wish you would give up smoking. Impassioned Lover—Oh, come now, that's asking too much.—New York Weekly.



# America's

Greatest Medicine is the Medicine for You.

Do not experiment with untried preparations. Be satisfied only with the greatest and best, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured multitudes of people and is kept on hand in thousands of homes as the only safe and reliable family medicine. It will defend you from the dangers of summer.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

## Folding Megaphone.

The megaphone has come into almost universal use at athletic and aquatic races and contests because it enables the judges and other officers to make announcements that can be heard all over the field. Its adoption has been somewhat hampered by the size of the instrument, which is too bulky to be conveniently transported, but this has been overcome by making them collapsible like the drinking cup made for travelers and picnickers. The folding megaphone is made in sections, one fitting in the other, and when not in use the horn collapses into a package about the size of a hat box.

## WHAT WILL BECOME OF CHINA.

None can foresee the outcome of the quarrel between foreign powers over the division of China. It is interesting to watch the going to pieces of this ancient but unprogressive race. Many people in America are also going to pieces because of dyspepsia, constipation, blood, liver and stomach diseases. We are living too fast, but strength, vigor and good health can be retained if we keep off and cure the above diseases with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Naples is to be connected with Mount Vesuvius by a direct railroad line, which will connect with the cable line running to the top of the volcano.

## TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous, and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Tenthousand testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

The Russian pool, a measure of capacity in handling grain, is equal to 86.1 pounds.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, M.D., 300 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The waters of the Grand Fall of Labrador have excavated a chasm 30 miles long.

Fry Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

It is asserted that plate glass will make a more durable monument than the hardest granite.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabacher, La., August 26, 1895.

It is announced that Italian experiments on vegetable life with Roentgen rays have shown that the effect is identical with that of sunlight.

## REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

### "I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. WOOLHISER.

Mills, Neb., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; menses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

### "I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. GEO. LEACH,

1609 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Menses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me.

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

**WILL & FINCK CO.'S SPRING EYE GRAIN BACNEEDES.....**

Plain or with Cutter. The best needed in the market. Used by all sack sewers. For sale by all general merchandise stores, or by

**WILL & FINCK CO.,**  
820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## DEWEY FIGURES IN IT.

Anecdote Showing the Bravery of American Seamen in Danger.

Capt. Isaiah H. Grant, keeper of the United States lighthouse department storehouse on Central Wharf, recalls an interesting anecdote that is particularly appropriate at this time, and goes to show the stuff of which the American navy is composed. Captain Grant is a brother of William G. Grant, the keeper of the light on Matineus Rock, and of the latter tells this story:

It was back in 1894, and Commodore Dewey was then executive officer on board the United States vessel Colorado. William Grant was a seaman on the same ship, and is naturally well posted as to our gallant commodore's fighting qualities. The Colorado was steaming into Hampton Roads, Va., towing a large load of sailors, relates the Portland (Me.) Express.

It was a windy day and the waves were running high. In some manner the boat capsized, and in a moment every one was struggling in the water. All but one, however, succeeded in getting on its bottom. One sailor who could not swim sank to the bottom. A boat was at once lowered from the Colorado, William Grant being one of the men assigned to it.

The men rowed with a will, and soon reached the overturned boat and the sailors clinging to its bottom. They had so much headway that the boat shot over the place where the unfortunate went down. Mr. Grant was in the bow keeping a sharp lookout for him when he came to the surface. As the boat moved along he looked down into the water, which was clear, and plainly saw the man near the surface. Like a flash, he scrambled to the stern of the boat, and, without hesitating a second, dived over the coxswain's head for the drowning man. He calculated just right, and in a moment had him by the collar and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. Both men were taken into the boat, and after hard work the half-drowned sailor was revived. He owed his life to Mr. Grant's bravery and prompt action.

The next day Dewey, as executive officer, called Mr. Grant up on to the quarterdeck, and before every one thanked him cordially for his bravery in rescuing the sailor.

A few years ago when Dewey, then commodore, visited the Maine coast and called upon Mr. Grant at Matineus, the incident was recalled, and a long talk was enjoyed by the men. Commodore Dewey recalled the matter instantly and again complimented Mr. Grant.

## Stenkiewicz's Method of Work.

Stenkiewicz's method of making a book is as follows: He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes this in his head, and lets it "soothe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work, he divides his time, not into days, but weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, the second week a similar amount, and so on, week after week. He writes without correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript—the one which he sends to the printer. Each week's work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the "soothing and fermenting" in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant.

To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, to create works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis?" by a series of efforts, each one of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing tour de force in literary experience. Stenkiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself; visits and studies the places which he needs to see; and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires, and shuts himself in with them during working hours, which for him are from eight or nine till lunch at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening, and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance.

## Temper of Married People.

A recent inquiry was made into the temper of married people. Out of 265 couples who were examined 52 per cent. of the wives had good tempers, and only 46 of the husbands were good-humored. Out of the bad-tempered men 32 had good-tempered and 22 bad-tempered wives. Worse than all, 23 per cent. of wives were fretful, 13 per cent. violent and 6 per cent. very masterful.

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnston, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago." "How was that?" asked the young lady who sang. "When the water struck our house my husband got on the bed and floated down stream until he was rescued." "And what did you do?" "Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."—New York Journal.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The highest waterfall in the world is Chocoma, at Yosemite, Cal., which is 2,635 feet high, or just half a mile.

Not within living memory has there been known so abnormally snowless a winter in European Russia as the past season.

A medical correspondent at Paris writes that Dr. Mosso has established the fact that the blood of eels is poisonous.

A curious fact has been noted by Arctic travelers—snow when at a very low temperature absorbs moisture and dries garments.

Gun cotton is cotton wool, washed then soaked in nitric acid and three parts of sulphuric acid, washed in water, pulped and dried.

It has been found in Switzerland that in building a railway, laborers could work one-third as long at a height of 10,000 feet as a mile lower.

The Rhind manuscript now in the British museum is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant that has ever been deciphered.

The largest theater in the world is the Grand opera house of Paris. It covers more than three acres of ground, and cost 63,000,000 francs.

The king of Siam has a bodyguard of female warriors—i. e., 400 girls chosen from among the strongest and most handsome of all the women in the land.

Porous glass is one of the latest novelties. The holes are so small that neither dust nor draught follows its use, and yet the ventilation is said to be excellent.

Great differences exist between the Arctic and Antarctic regions, and while there is a polar sea at the north, it is believed that a continent exists at the South Pole.

Seven Chinese war vessels are at present being built in Germany. Among them are four torpedo boat destroyers which will have a speed of 32 knots an hour.

The Peruvian Central railroad covering a distance of 10 miles is at an elevation only about 2,000 feet lower than the summit of the highest mountain in Switzerland.

## Gained Forty-Eight Pounds.

"I had a strong appetite for liquor which was the beginning of the breaking down of my health. I was also a slave to tea and coffee drinking. I took the gold cure, but it did not help me."

This is a portion of an interview clipped from the Daily Herald, of Clinton, Iowa. It might well be taken for the subject of a temperance lecture but that is not our object in publishing it. It is to show how a system run down by drink and disease, may be restored. We cannot do better than quote further from the same:

"For years I was unable to do my work. I could not sleep nights or rest days on account of continuous pains in my stomach and back. I was unable to digest my food. Headaches and painful urination were frequent, and my heart's action became increased. I left my farm and retired to city life, for I was a confirmed invalid, and the doctor said I would never be well again.

"Soon after I happened to use four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and since then I have been free from all pain, headache and dyspepsia. I eat heartily and have no appetite for strong drink or tea or coffee, and feel twenty years younger.

"My weight has increased 48 pounds. I cannot say too much for Dr. Williams' Pills and claim that they have cured me." JOHN B. COOK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixteenth day of February, 1897.

A. P. Barker, Notary Public.

To people run down in health from whatever cause—drink or disease—the above interview will be of interest. The truth of it is undoubted, as the statement is sworn to, and we reproduce the oath here. For any further facts concerning this medicine write to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The name and address of the subject of above interview is John B. Cook, of 208 South 5th street, Lyon, Iowa.

An historic landmark of the town of Hadley, Mass., the old Hooker house, which stood for almost two centuries, was burned recently. It was in this house that General Joe Hooker was born in 1814.

## HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUXAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

You cannot afford to drink colored tea.

It undermines health, and the coloring hides defects.

Schilling's Best needs no coloring; it is good enough.

## Wheel Nuts With Handles.

An improved nut for wagons and other machinery where the nut would soil the hands if touched has a projecting knob on one side which fits in a hole drilled in one jaw of the wrench to prevent the nut from slipping out.

## For the Summer Girl.

A love in soft white straw is just made for the summer girl. It has an airy, fairy fold of white taffeta round it, and two quilts curve back from the knot in front. White violets coquet with Miss S. G.'s tresses in the back. It is ideal summer hatgear, all white and inexpensively dainty.

## WAGONS IMPROVED.

The new improved Stoughton wagons stand the racket. Three more car loads are on the way. It pays to have the best. Write for free catalogue. JOHN POOLE, sole agent, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

A microbe that lives and multiplies in strong alcohol has been discovered by Veley.

The attention of the public is called to the professional work of Dr. T. H. White, No. 271½ Morrison street, Portland, Or. His electrical appliances are the most modern, and his crown and bridge work is of such artistic form and finish, that his patients are delighted not only with the looks, but with the comfort they receive from the use of such artificial work. All operations are painless under his methods. See that your teeth are properly cared for and that by a skillful dentist. There is no need to suffer the discomforts of broken-down and stained teeth when they can be made useful and pleasant to look upon without pain.

## WHEAT

Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margin. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Send for our free reference book. DOWNING, HOPKINS & CO., Chicago, Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.



## CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big 6 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astrident or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

## OPIUM

MORPHINE, COCAINE, LAUDANUM. Stopped at once. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, 44 Isabella Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## A Beautiful Present

In order to further introduce ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to GIVE AWAY a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

## Beautiful Pastel Pictures

They are 13x19 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

Lilacs and Pansies.

Pansies and Marguerites.

Wild American Poppies.

Lilacs and Iris.



These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public.

The pictures are accurately reproduced in all the colors used in the originals, and are pronounced by competent critics, works of art.

Pastel pictures are the correct thing for the home, nothing surpassing them in beauty, richness of color and artistic merit.

One of these pictures will be given away with each package of Elastic Starch purchased of your grocer. It is the best laundry starch on the market, and is sold for 10 cents a package. Ask your grocer for this starch and get a beautiful picture.

ALL GROCERS KEEP ELASTIC STARCH. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE



## NORTHERN PACIFIC

### RUNS

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS  
ELEGANT DINING CARS  
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

ST. PAUL  
DULUTH  
GRAND FORKS  
WINNIPEG  
RUTHE  
PHILADELPHIA  
NEW YORK

MINNEAPOLIS  
FARGO  
CROOKSTON  
HELENA  
CHICAGO  
WASHINGTON  
BOSTON

AND ALL POINTS EAST  
AND SOUTH

#### TIME SCHEDULE.

In Effect February 13th, 1898.

#### TRAINS LEAVE SEATTLE.

For Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul  
and the East 4:00 p. m.  
For Portland 5:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.  
For Olympia 7:30 a. m.  
For Tacoma 5:00, 7:30 and 11:00  
a. m. 4:00 and 7:00 p. m.

#### TRAINS ARRIVE AT SEATTLE.

From Spokane, Rosland, St. Paul  
and the East 7:00 a. m.  
From Portland 11:00 p. m.  
From Olympia 6:20 p. m.  
From Aberdeen 6:20 p. m.  
From Tacoma 7:00 and 8:00 a. m.  
12:15, 6:20 and 11:30 p. m.

\*Daily except Sunday. All others daily.  
This card subject to change without notice  
Through tickets to Japan and China via  
Northern Pacific Steamship Company.  
For rates, routes and other information  
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L. A. NADEAU.

Gen'l Agent, Seattle.  
City Ticket Office, corner Yesler Way and  
First Avenue.  
Depot Ticket Office, corner Western Avenue  
and Columbia Street.

A. D. CHARLTON.

Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
No. 25 Morrison St., cor. Third, Portland, Or.

## Wellington Coal.

The Best Coal on the Pacific Coast for  
Steam or Household Purposes : : : :

### FOR SALE

AT THE  
LOWEST  
MARKET  
RATES.

OFFICE AND YARD  
ON THE  
DAVIDGE WHARF  
G. A. McCULLOCH, Agt.  
for R. Dunsmuir & Sons.

## U. S. Marshal's Sale.

In the District Court of the United  
States, in and for the District of  
Alaska.

R. DUNSMUIR & SONS, Libellants,  
vs.  
THE S. S. SKAGIT CHIEF, ETC.

By virtue of a writ or order of sale to  
me directed, I will sell at public auc-  
tion, at the beach on Shake's point, in  
Etolin harbor, at Wrangel, Alaska,  
where the same is now situate, on the  
6th day of October, A. D. 1898, at  
twelve o'clock noon, the Steamboat  
Skagit Chief, her tackle, apparel and  
furniture, described as follows, to wit:  
The said Steamboat Skagit Chief and all  
the tools, equipment, cabin and state  
room furniture, galley and dining room  
furniture, pantry furniture and stock,  
navigating instruments, charts and ap-  
pliances, boats, life rafts, life preservers  
and all of the property, furniture,  
tackle and appliances seized by me in  
the attachment proceedings herein, a  
more particular description whereof  
may be seen by reference to the inven-  
tory thereof made at the time of the  
seizure and on file in my office and  
made a part hereof.

JAMES M. SHOUP,

United States Marshal for the District  
of Alaska.

By WILLIAM D. GRANT,

Deputy.

Clark & Ingersoll and M. J. Cochran,  
Proctors for Libellants.  
Date of first publication, Sep. 11, 1898.

## U. S. Marshal's Sale.

In the District Court of the United  
States, in and for the District of  
Alaska.

R. DUNSMUIR & SONS, Libellants,  
vs.  
THE S. S. GLENORA, ETC.

By virtue of a writ or order of sale to  
me directed, I will sell at public auc-  
tion, at the beach on Shake's Point, in  
Etolin harbor at Wrangel, Alaska,  
where the same is now situate, on the  
6th day of October, A. D. 1898, at twelve  
o'clock noon, the steamboat Glenora,  
her tackle, apparel and furniture, de-  
scribed as follows, to-wit: The said  
steamboat Glenora and all the tools,  
equipment, cabin and state room furni-  
ture, galley and dining room furniture,  
pantry furniture and stock, navigating  
instruments, charts and appliances,  
boats, life rafts, life preservers and all  
of the property, furniture, tackle and  
appliances seized by me in the attach-  
ment proceedings herein, a more par-  
ticular description whereof may be  
seen by reference to the inventory  
thereof made at the time of the seizure  
and on file in my office and made a part  
hereof.

JAMES M. SHOUP,

United States Marshal for the District  
of Alaska.

By WILLIAM D. GRANT,

Deputy.

Clark & Ingersoll and M. J. Cochran,  
Proctors for Libellants.  
Date of first publication, Sep. 11, 1898.

## THE FORT WRANGEL NEWS.

A Grist of the Week's Local News Dished  
Up for the Special Benefit of Our  
Readers by News Reporters.

Billy Corbell went to Vancouver. His  
mother was reported sick at that place.

Mr. Fred Patching returned from a  
prospecting trip the first of the week.

Mr. Hedlow of the Juneau Miner  
was a passenger on the Cottage City  
last Monday.

Dr. Blair, the popular druggist, has  
gone east to remain. Dr. Bloomhardt,  
however, is with us and he is a whole  
hoet in himself.

The Cottage City pulled out of this  
port for the north last Monday morn-  
ing. She was loaded with passengers.  
She said her usual good-bye.

Dr. V. McAlpin is back from a few  
week's outing. He was after gold and  
a good time, the latter he had, but the  
former failed to materialize.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyon started up the  
Stikeen on the Strathcona on her last  
trip. He is still up there, but Mrs.  
Carlyon returned on the Casca.

The sidewalk just east of Hirsch's  
has been put in first class condition.  
East Front street will soon have a good  
wide walk from that place to the mill.

The Discovery came down from above  
Monday night. She was loaded with  
passengers. That boat is very popular  
up this way and receives more than her  
her share of the trade.

The Casca, Gray, Captain, returned  
from up the river Monday forenoon.  
She only got up about eighty miles, on  
account of low water. She transferred  
her freight to the Mono.

Merchant Bernard packed up his  
goods and has gone to Juneau. Mr. and  
Mrs. Bernard have hosts of friends here  
who regret their removal. The News  
wishes them abundant success.

The Topeka played our town a dirty  
trick on her last run down. She came  
to this place and pulled out between  
two days. We expected better treat-  
ment from Capt. Bell and his Irish  
crew.

Mr. Duncan McKinnon has put down  
a splendid sidewalk in front of the gar-  
den that bears his name. If Mr Lear  
could now be induced to emulate this  
worthy deed, Front street on the west,  
would be in good shape. Mr. McKin-  
non has covered himself all over with  
glory in the estimation of the adjoining  
property owners as well as all others,  
who are well wishers of our city.

## Wakefield & Young

HAVE THE

CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

You Save Your

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

WHEN YOU DEAL

Where You Get The Best Quality

OF GOODS, AT THE

MOST REASONABLE PRICES.

309 FRONT STREET

Fort Wrangel, - - - - - Alaska.

## DUNCAN McKINNON

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise.

MINERS' SUPPLIES

The Largest Outfitting Stock in Alaska

Miners' Outfits  
Put Up by Experienced Packers

LOW PRICES GOOD GOODS

McKINNON BUILDING, FRONT ST.

FORT WRANGEL, - - - - - ALASKA.

## Canadian Development Company, Limited.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Managing Director.

### STEAMER

# MONTE CRISTO

CAPTAIN, FRANK MURRAY,

LEAVES

WRANGEL

FOR

Glenora and

# Telegraph Creek

REGULARLY MAKING

THROUGH CONNECTIONS

BY

The Company's Own Pack Trains

WITH THEIR STEAMER

# ANGLIAN

CAPTAIN, MACDONALD,

Now Running Regularly Between

Teslin, Ft. Selkirk and Dawson City.

For Freight and Passenger Rates Apply at

Company's Office, McKinnon Wharf.

F. H. WORLOCK, Agent.

## Canadian Pacific Ry.

### AND SOO LINE

Now selling tickets to

MONTREAL, TORONTO,  
DETROIT, BOSTON,  
NEW YORK, BUFFALO

First Class, \$35; second class, \$25.

ST. PAUL—  
First class, \$20.00; second class, \$10.00.  
CHICAGO—

First class, \$31.50; second class, \$21.50.  
Equally low rates to all points East.

NO REBATES.

### Atlantic Ocean Tickets.

For all information apply to  
W. R. THOMSON,  
Freight and Passenger Agent,  
609 First Avenue, Seattle.

E. J. COYLE,  
District Passenger Agent,  
Vancouver, B. C.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

TICKET OFFICE

612 First Avenue, Seattle.

Leave Seattle. Arrive  
4:00 p. m. Overland Express 7:00 p. m.  
8:15 a. m. Pacific Coast Lines 6:15 p. m.

Japan America Line.

—FOR—

JAPAN, CHINA,

—AND ALL—

## Asiatic Ports

SAIL REGULARLY.

### OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

## THE GROTTO

### FURNISHED ROOMS

—BY THE—

DAY  
WEEK OR  
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### CIGARS & REFRESHMENTS

This House is Centrally Located,

Being Within One Block of Both City Wharves

HARRY DAY, Manager.

FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

### THE GENERAL PUBLIC

IS NOTIFIED THAT

...REID & SYLVESTER...

Carry a full and complete line of

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CLOTHING, MACKINAW,  
BOOTS AND SHOES, AND RUBBER GOODS.

AND IN FACT A FULL LINE OF

### MINERS' SUPPLIES

We Are the Pioneer Merchants of the City and Will Not Be Undersold

## REID & SYLVESTER

OPPOSITE  
TROUP'S WHARF

Fort Wrangel, Alaska.